SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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The Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUALISM IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

[From the Manuscript Records of J. B. Ferguson.]

April 5, 1855.

To-day, while pondering a letter from a friend—S. M. Scott, Esq., editor of the *Arkansas Traveler*—who says to me, "I confess I am at a loss what to think of your book; but for seventeen years' acquaintance with you, I should believe it an imposture; but I must believe you have acted under the most solemn conviction of duty to your religion and your species,"—Mrs. Ferguson was directed by his mother, as she was impressed, to come into my room and give me the following, as addressed to him from friends, whose names are appended. It was given without solicitation, and the medium, after delivering it, seemed not to know one word or sentence of it.

To SAMUEL M. SCOTT, Esq., Arkadelphia, Arkansas:

I hope, my friends, this morning, that we may meet with a hearty reception and a welcome embrace. I am permitted to speak a word of consolation to one with whom I was acquainted in my earth-life. He was an inmate of my family. He will ask himself why one so unexpected is permitted to meet you in his behalf this morning. It is because I am made to sympathise with one who was early bereft of parental care and love. I would speak to his own experience. When a boy, you were permitted to endure the cold frowns and sneers of others that stepped into a fond parent's place. Driven forth into the world a youth, with none to sympathise with or instruct, you may well appreciate why we address you on this occasion; a friend—a sister.

Though your life has been thorny, you were permitted to pass through sore trials, many sad disappointments. But had you that thrown around you which would have brought forth what was crushed within you, you had been a man, the noblest workmanship of God. You may yet be; throw off this mental oppression, that still weighs thee to the earth. Throw off the past; bury it, and brighter hopes will encircle thy brow. O, this mental gloom! this depression! this doubt! this fear! Where does it originate? Look inwardly and behold the spark, a part of the Divine nature, resting in your frail tenement. Study yourself, and you will be able to appreciate the teaching of a Divine Father, now dawning anew upon the world.

We sympathise with those we have left behind, when we survey the wide scenery through which we have passed. Mine, too, was a life of toil, of disappointment; and therefore I feel for you. Couldst thou appreciate the Spirit-communion open to all, it would give new life to thy soul, and span with new hope the troubled ocean of thy thought. Seek, then, to learn in thyself, how to commune with those who have passed from thy sight. Why not recognize the parental power that has sustained thee, guarded and protected thee, through many difficulties? Study thyself. Learn to be true to thyself; and then, too, you can have communion with those who are ever ready to assist you to higher and nobler ends. You ask for knowledge—for wisdom. You ask why it is you cannot have manifestations in Arkadelphia. We say, that whenever a few true hearts are gathered together, there will go forth those Spiritual impressions that will purify, elevate, and inspire your minds. But too frequently, deception gathers around what would degrade thy nature. I mean the gaming-table. When you seek Spiritual communion, seek it in true hearts, in true affection. When you meet for manifestations, feel that you are in the presence of a higher power—a power to build up and sustain, and waft your purest thoughts to those who will gratify only as they can elevate. Commune with us in pure desire, and your hopes shall be gratified. Pray and ardently seek that you may be directed to those persons in and out of the form who can benefit you. I am astonished that I have been permitted to communicate this morning. It is my first, and under circumstances favorable, it will not be my last.

Here the medium described the Spirit communicating: "Tall, haughty, rather so, bearing his wife. It is she that is communicating. He is heavy set; wife low, delicate-looking, rather freckled, slight defect of the nose. I need not describe, for I can give her name."

N. CRIHFIELD.

We are ever your Spirit-friends, and ever sympathize and feel for the lot of humanity. *Sam*, I would speak to you of our difficulties, of the injustice I did many; but this would be useless. It would be bringing back that which ought to sleep, and be forgotten. I feel—now feel you can appreciate me, without detailing those things in our history, that would be only calculated to renew the past. Let it be blotted from thy memory; let it pass as an idle tale to be no more registered, and let us feel as one. *One common destiny awaits all.*

I would speak, this morning, upon the last part of my earthly career. My end, sir, will but too well tell you the life I lived. Bereft of that kind one to whom I was permitted to be connected, and the restraint of her pure example, I erred; I fell from that which was calculated to make me a man. In poverty, in distress, in disappointments, I ended my mortal career. I speak of this for an impressive lesson to those I have left behind. Take my life as an example—a warning, if you please, to lead you to a higher life. Ever seek the pure and the elevation of this God-given image of Divinity. It is a God-image within thee. Guard it well.

I could say more. Will you ponder this, *Sam*, and reflect? I will say in close, I will commune with you often, if permitted to do so. Perhaps we will effect something for you. We will try. Think it not your imagination if you hear that you cannot account for, but by all means ward off those who would deceive you. The pure never seek to deceive. Ever believe me your true Spirit-friend,

ARTHUR CRIHFIELD.

The medium continued: "There are Spirits now present who were never present before. There is an aged father. If I mistake not, he immersed this medium. He will at some convenient time be heard. Your spirit-friend. I am done. Hold; I see his mother; she directed me to give this communication. There are many kindred here. They all rejoice in this beginning effort."

HISTORY AND REMARKS.

What gives interest to the above communication, is the peculiar relation sustained by the parties to Mrs. Ferguson and myself. Some seventeen years since, while residing in the family of Rev. Arthur Crihfield, in most intimate and happy companionship, in the village of West Middleberg, Ohio, I was called upon, by some gentlemen interested in land titles in Union County, some 18 miles distant—a then frontier deep forest, with but few inhabitants—to visit a very rude and recently populated neighborhood. While there, the Sabbath suggested that I should preach, and the whole country turned out to hear. We made a pulpit of an immense stump of a tree, and the people sat around upon logs and on the ground, in the deep forest shade, where scarcely human voice had ever been heard, and never pleading for the religious privileges and hope of our nature. I well remember the scene and sermon. The latter was delivered with unusual animation, and was doubtless much influenced by the wild, strange, and inspiring scenes around. I noticed, among other interested hearers, a man seated off from the crowd with unshaved face, rather intellectual appearance, who seemed to drink in every word and sentiment uttered. His appearance and manner made such impression upon me, that I enquired his name, and learned something of his character. At night, while seated round the blazing hearth of a hospitable cabin (for it was early autumn), a letter was handed me, written by by this man, making serious inquiry upon subjects suggested by the sermon. I replied briefly, requesting an interview in the settlement, to which I heartily invited him. To my surprise, some three weeks afterwards, my strange-looking hearer entered my room, cleanly shaved, and requested a fulfillment of the promise. We had a long interview, in which I found him a man of far more than ordinary mind, with what were currently called Infidel sentiments, somewhat misanthropic and tired of the world. He had been for many years an orphan, kicked and driven through the world, till he almost hated his kind, and fain would he believe it a work of chance, life meaningless, and death an eternal sleep. We formed a pleasant acquaintance; business at his profession was procured for him, and in a few months he became a sincere member of our little church, and a man of exemplary habits. He had not been with us over twelve months, till he found himself desiring to visit his kindred, whom he had abandoned for years, and who were then residing in Cincinnati. He made the visit, was received coldly, and fell again, by the cup of drunkenness, into his former habits. At this time he wrote me, deploring his fall, expressing his gratitude for my good intentions towards him, and stating that he never expected to see me again. I followed him with a pressing invitation to return to my house; for meanwhile I had married, and offered it to him as his permanent home. He did return, lived a most exemplary life for two years, during which time he became a more than ordinary preacher of the gospel. He fell again, after a lapse of another year, and alternately fell and rose during a period of twelve years. In no one of his misfortunes did I ever find it in my heart to desert him; for in each he acted with the most scrupulous honor to all who might be affected by his diseased habits. In one of his falls he enlisted in the army, during the war with Mexico, and after becoming heartily tired of the loose morals of his associates, he desired, nay, urged me, by every appeal to my feelings as a man, to seek his discharge. This was secured by a labored effort with President Polk, when he again returned to my house in Nashville, and for four years was a steady man, two of which, by a strange desire for religious service in public, were devoted to preaching in the neglected portions of Tennessee. Again he fell, left for Arkansas, where again he reformed, and is now Editor of the *Arkansas Traveler*, an officer of the Sons of Temperance, and there, as everywhere, an honest man.

He had been associated with Mr. Crihfield, with whom he had serious difficulties, for the most of which I had blamed his misanthropic and generally distrustful disposition. Mr. C. has been dead some three years; and strange to say, although an intimate acquaintance, I have never met his presence in any of our Spiritual interviews till to-day, when a letter from Mr. Scott brought out the above communication, unsought, unexpected, and without the knowledge of the medium.

The aged father referred to was a preacher associated with Mr. Crihfield, and did *not* immerse the medium, as he seems to suppose. His name was David H. Hathaway. The medium embraced religious purposes under his teaching, was a favorite friend of his, but was not immersed by him. This statement may show that Spirits may make mistakes, are not infallible, as our reason should teach, and would, were we not duped by the supposed infallibility of past Spiritual guides.

With Mrs. Crihfield I enjoyed a long and uninterrupted friendship, and for her character and memory I have ever cherished the most profound regard. Rev. Arthur Crihfield was a man of genius; but from disappointed ambition and evil treatment at the hands of Mr. A. Campbell and some of his coadjutors, he renounced his convictions somewhat, and accepted the Episcopal creed. It is to this he alludes, and his abandonment of that creed, and frequent religious tergiversations, in the communication above. The simple truth in his case is, as I have every evidence to know, that, outgrowing the dogmas of Campbellism, he had not the firmness to carry out his settled convictions, and allowed himself to retreat to the Protestant Episcopal Church, where, finding neither a gratification to his ambition nor his convictions, he drooped and fell, a monument of noble intellect in ruins. He died in poverty, almost incredible in a land of plenty, and surrounded by those who once admired him almost to reverence. Whoever peruses these records will pardon me for further recording, that when I heard of his destitution, conjointly with the friend who informed me of it, we forwarded a small amount to meet the case; but he died ere it reached him, and we had not the satisfaction of seeing our wishes gratified. He died in Harrison, Ohio, some three years since; and there and in Middleberg of the same State, and in Harrodsburg and Covington, Kentucky, most of these particulars can be confirmed. What is remarkable in the communication is, it was given without solicitation by a medium never known thus to act; it was supposed by me, while taking it from her entranced lips, to be from his sister according to the flesh, while it turned out entirely otherwise. Its allusions cover a history of seventeen years, and incidents connected with persons dead and living, long separated—incidents that would not have been recalled but for its allusions. It was given in answer to a letter of which the medium knew nothing; it was given when in my own mind I had determined to reply to Mr. Scott's letter very briefly, and with but slight allusions to Spiritual intercourse; it most appositely alludes to all his inquiries in the letter of which the medium knew nothing; it was given through a medium not personally attached to either of the parties; and to this day she is unconscious of its details. It was given in the presence of my father, who is witness to its accuracy, and was astounded by its manner and force.

Night of the 9th April.

CURE OF A MAN LAME TWELVE MONTHS—SPIRIT-PROPHECY.

Watson Freeman, a worthy and highly respectable citizen of this city, well-known to a large majority of its population and that of the surrounding country, had been an invalid for twelve months, suffering from a violent sprain of the ancle-joint. It was caused by a leap of some fifteen or twenty feet upon a bed of rocks, from the burning factory of Messrs. McCombs and Cornelius, in which he had been generously engaged in striving to save some of the valuable articles from that destructive fire. He had been confined to his bed for weeks at a time; had exhausted the best medical skill of the city without relief. He had not been able to walk without crutches. Mrs. F. had been frequently impressed that he could be entirely relieved, but was unwilling to undertake the case. He visited us on his crutches on the night of the 6th April, when her impressions were of such a character, that she became willing to attempt his relief. The night of the 9th was appointed by our Spirit-guardians, and the house of Mr. Champion selected—Messrs. Finn, Church and Mrs. C.'s family and my own invited as witnesses. We met, not anticipating what would occur. A circle was formed round a large dining-table, at which we had as remarkable physical manifestations as have been recorded in any publication connected with this movement. [Of these at another time.] Mrs. F. came and Mr. Champion; both passed into an unconscious or entranced state. She directed Mr. Freeman to expose his ancle, and place it on a chair. After a few moments of most impressive prayer, she laid her hands upon it, Mr. Champion taking hold of his shoulder, and holding Mr. F. in an erect position. In a few moments Mr. Freeman came under a simular influence to that of the mediums. His ancle was examined by Mr. C. personating a deceased physician, with a care and scrutiny that commanded the deepest silence and attention of all present. He was placed upon the table, when Mr. C. with a power much superior to that of Mr. Freeman and myself, stretched out his limb as if he were adjusting a dislocated joint, and without a signal of pain to the patient. Both mediums manipulated the ancle. Mr. Freeman was suddenly raised to an upright position, his head and breast thrown back, when he uttered a most beautiful expression of gratitude to God, and hope for the dawn of a day, "whose glimmer," said he, "is already here." Mr. C. then took him by the arm, and commanding him to walk, they moved up and down the room in soldier style, their eyes perfectly closed. They leaped, they stamped, and passed through every conceivable gesture, in the most commanding and graceful manner. Mr. F. was then released from the grasp of Mr. C., and commanded to walk by himself, which he did without the least intimation of lameness. The whole procedure was continued for two hours. This was repeated on the succeeding night, when Mr. Champion, although a man of slender frame, handled Mr. F., a man of six feet two inches and well proportioned, as though he were an infant, holding him in his hands, turning him, and carrying him with the utmost ease. Mr. Freeman came forth from this apparently unconscious state perfectly restored, and he has laid aside his crutch and moves amongst us, a living monument of Spirit-power over disease. He is ready to testify to the above and other equally remarkable facts, to any and all who inquire.

During the interview in which Mr. F. was relieved, Mr. Champion, personating an Indian Chief, addressed us as follows: We lost whole sentences from the imperfect character of the pen furnished us; but what follows was preserved in the exact words of the address. He spoke as from our Indian friend, whose presence had been previously indicated in a variety of wonderful manifestations:

My long lost Paradise is here in the breast, for me and for my countrymen.

'Tis not to still some mighty ocean whose tempestuous waves bid fair to engulf the hearts of men, that *we* come. 'Tis not to invite to some selfish Heaven, or deliver from a revengeful Hell. 'Tis not idle curiosity or some spectral illusion that bids us warm into life this vitality born of God. No! 'Tis a union of that evidence of immortality born in every heart.

Great, indeed, are the ways of God! Mysterious, they may be, to those who seek not beyond the fancied vision that beautifies and adorns the object sought with all the paraphernalia of thought to hold at bay the honest convictions of the soul. Their evidences are, alas! but too many. They speak here and breathe everywhere. None is exempt from that contagion that binds man to those events that have marked the history of all ages past. "Hold fast that which is good." No sage philosopher need picture its ultimate results. Any capacity may measure with accuracy its specifications, and see its adaptedness to that end that awaits all living.

FRIENDS: *We come not to breathe an atmosphere above the great necessities of our kind. We come not to re-echo the sounds of some far-off heaven; but to practically illustrate the evidence of that hope you bear to your God.* Shall not we, who have inherited more, seek some channel from whence may flow forth those essences of love and friendship that entwine kindred hearts in one? Shall we not act in sympathy with our kind? Vegetation does this; nay more—it imparts its genial warmth to all within its sphere.

Though chilly blasts and hoary winter proclaim a demise to thought, we still live beneath the vernal flowers of Spring, that tell man he is a devil! We descend as the dew of Heaven, that the genial odors may ascend to a higher and nobler end—that the desolate cabins of humanity may be depopulated of the emaciated forms and homeless tenements of clay that know not God.

O that man were not wiser than his God! He might learn a word of mighty import that would stand as the altar of Freedom upon which might be sacrificed the duplicity—a word I hate—the degeneracy of mankind; not through the peculiar misfortunes of one—no! not bought in Hell and breathed in fire, that its incense might dwarf the conscience and deaden the soul.

Had you a part, a portion of that evidence born of an Eternal Father? or are you some Lilliputian, dwarfed, not matured in the semblance of your Maker? What else unfits you to realize the inevitable realities that await the future life? What else has blotted from the records of time your end and destiny? Speak not, then, of the desolated wilds and infatuated space that gathers all to minister to the diseased appetites of your unfortunate kind!

We want to know much—to learn more. For what was I made? Eat, drink, sleep, die! Ah! that's a word that rescinds the anacronisms of Eternity. It is not chronicled there. THERE IS NOTHING LOST! Am I less than nothing? Its purpose and end meet me here, like some frightful vision that claims my sight, and bids me pause ere I look beyond the veil that speaks of immortality. I hold its tenure. See you guard it well; for it speaks of death unknown in Hell, and grieves my soul. What joyless sleep! and [———?] are brought to guild the path of some less favored son? If recalled from naught to naught, I must return. Thanks be to my God; joy to my heart, peace to my soul, that the foul blot rivetted upon the place of my birth may be rivetted to my hand till obscurity draws the veil from whence has sprung undying man. Can you see the difference in the two first elements of our cause? That it may admonish man to seek a hand that would elevate him; that would elevate him above the contemptuous sneer of men unknown to thought, unborn to act—in life's pleasant dreams to be the captives of many who seek not God? He is thy *end*—the *life*—the *all*.

Purposes weighty, lofty in their character, momentous in their bearing are now in motion. But a few silent watches of the night, and the distant dawn will proclaim the epoch of a brighter day, to fill thy heart with joy, and to illume thy soul with a resplendent orb, whose penetrating rays shall give life and vigor to the parched earth, from whence shall spring a joyous birth of gladness that shall bind together, all men in unison to the great end in God. All that you could wish is seen upon the hill-tops of every land, and soon will be heard: not in the still voice of slumber that rocks to repose the gentle and weary; but in those conflicting elements of strife, that bespeak the purified evidence of a better hope, after its consummation is attained. Come, then, let us join together as a mighty band of kindred in time, and born in God. Its epoch is here. It knows no higher end than the destiny that awaits us all. It is for you and for me. No deserted sons and helpless daughters to wander throughout this fair land, bereft of a father's care! No damning feuds nor intolerant law to seek the abodes of peace, and wrench from confiding hope its *all*. None!

One word: These manifestations come to bid you hope anew! As the dark and dreary night approaches, when friend and foe are lost in darkness, and darkness shrouds Humanity in one common pall, the scathing blasts re-echo the dreary aspect of all save peace to the heart, then, with prudence we protect our bodies, that we may stand and sustain all—so do we meet you here to bring what may prove the indispensible nutriment to some; and alas! the overburdened thought to many. Time has its place; for it is Eternity. Here is but a link in the mighty chain that has no end. Seek it with diligence, and it will prove efficacious and tend to the deliverance of man. From whom? from himself—not from his God—no! Then live, yes, my friends, that's the the word: LIVE! O that I could write it upon every heart! What is Life? It is Eternity! It is God!—the Spirit of all life—it *is* not in form to measure its confines, it is immensity.

I have been driven from my door to seek an asylum among the dead! I've lived in doubt and died in fear; and still I stand a *a man in God!* No joy dwells in this breast to imprint upon the Heavens the misfortunes of my kind. *None.* Envy, jealousy and hate were the altars of my fathers in the form. They held it high as the signet of their glory, and the end of their destiny!

Here Mr. C. pointed to a beautiful form, and addressing Mrs. F., said: "Don't you see it—you must see it!" Mrs. F. was not under Spiritual influence, and the speech of Mr. Champion, his manner, and all the attendant circumstances so occupied her exterior mind that she was unable to retire to a Spiritual sight of the object he so anxiously presented. At length, he said: She (alluding to the Spirit-form he wished her to see) says, "Ask her, Don't you know John? You bear a sister's love to her, the fading emblem of affection to me." Still Mrs. F. could not recognize her. Mr. C. persisted, and asked, "What means the name *Charles*, her father." At this moment I spoke, "It is our sister Nannie." (Her husband the Rev. John D. Ferguson, and her father Charles Meriwether, the persons alluded to.) At once he said, "Yes, and she will communicate to-morrow!" Mrs. F. then stated that she had appeared to her during the day, and wondered why she could not recognize her. Mr. C. spoke again:

You thought it your imagination, and now you know better. Learn to trust us, for we never deceive.

"The twinkling of the eastern sky,
Proclaims the dawning of the day."

I'll come again; seek me in the fullness of a love known in childhood. I'm here; and here is one who says: "Yes, kind daughter, we still live, breathe, and see—feel and know."

(Mrs. F. recognized the latter as her father.)

This was altogether one of the most pleasant and improving interviews we had ever enjoyed in our Spiritual intercourse. We left, grateful for its privileges—hopeful for more; for which, as they come, may we prove more worthy.

April 10, 1855.

This morning, according to her promise, our Spirit-sister, Nannie M. Ferguson, through Mrs. F., addressed me as follows:

MY BROTHER: You know not the pleasure and hope it brings to our Spiritual sight, this *morning*, to embrace you once more as brother. Upon this bright and beautiful morning, I am permitted to come, speaking peace and hope to your heart.

My Brother: Let me assure you that these kindred affinities bear us on and on to one kindred in God, that spans all the intelligence of the universe. Young and pure in life, I now rest hopeful and aspiring in the bosom of my God.

Let the root of this great and mighty movement seek depth, and expand its powers in the recesses of every true heart. A mighty and a glorious event is now about to dawn upon the whole creation of man. We have been permitted to see its great onward and certain progress. No heart can appreciate the joy it brought to our Spirit-minds to see the true and noble engaging in the mighty dawning of this New Era, that is now captivating every enlightened mind. Hath not all the promises we have made thee been fulfilled to thee?

[Here the medium sang a beautiful strain, commencing, "We are a band of brothers; O we are a band of brothers all," and supposing it the old Massachusetts' song, we stopped to enjoy it. But it was neither the music nor words of that song, save in the first line. We did not retain the words. She continued:]

Permitted to come and inspire and draw together a long-severed humanity, "we are a band of brothers" and sisters!

Here is a large and expansive Tree. It is presented to my sight. Its tall and lofty branches ascend almost to Heaven, while around it clusters a green and beautiful vine. So let the heart of every true man cluster around the mighty and exalted One. As the Tree sustains each branch and the vine, thus will his Divinity sustain you and all. Can one be lost?—severed from his embrace? O, no! And now while I speak, I hear this re-echoed throughout the expanse of the universe. A part of his Divinity can never be lost. It must bloom, however it may have been kept back and dwarfed by its own gross imagination, like a dwarfed tree, which by some rude hand may have received a blow. The growth shall be renewed. The divine spark must be brought out, and again come back to a kindred in God.

BRO. JESSE: I have desired much and long to embrace you in sisterly affection. Could I be permitted to hold sweet communion with you, as I did once on earth, there are *many* things I would say to inspire hope and courage in your heart. Many have desired long to see the things you now see, but their prejudiced minds and grossness prevented. Let me assure you it breathes within us new hope, and speaks kindred attachments to hold communion with one we so ardently and purely love. I feel as though we were in one family upon earth. Your people were my people—your God my God—your hope my hope. I was the first to communicate to you through this medium. I desired then to make myself known to you, that I might renew those kindred affinities that must ever bloom and be united in the kindred of our God.

BRO. JESSE: I wish to speak this morning, as a sister that loves you with more than a sisterly affection. Cast off all burdens that prey upon the mind. Rely upon us; rely upon those high-born Spirits who are able to instruct, and, when necessary, to guard, guide and direct you. You have been permitted to see a new dawning upon the earth—this glorious, and I was going to say *peaceful* earth; and it would be so, if men were pure as brothers should be. Like the Tree, let the roots of thy thought go deeper. Cast off the old forms, and that which oppresses thy heart; and with a new hope seek the elevation of all thy race. You know not how it has reflected encouragement to our Spirit-minds, to hear you speak forth from that altar a word of encouragement to every human heart. Let thy heart ever embrace *all*—ALL the severed brotherhood of man. Yes, ALL; that others may see thy good work, and be able to say, Surely this *is* one that will ever send forth a helping hand to gather in the lost sheep of his Father's fold.

I will often communicate with you. We are ever ready to give forth a greeting and a parting lesson, wherever circumstances will permit. Rest assured that many a Spirit-band lingers round thy house and fireside, to waft thy best and noblest thoughts where they may send forth a purifying essence, to be rekindled and re-united in God.

A WORD TO A DEVOTED ONE: Tell your brother John to commune with himself and his God, and he will be able to hold communion with the departed. Tell him to cast off the gloom that overshadows and smothers and chokes the bright light of day from his mind—cast off those dark and gloomy thoughts. When you look back over our earth-lives, look with hope—look with gladness. We were but mortals, subject to the same frail desires and passions. Yes. Then forget the past. Look with brighter hope upon the future. Forget, too, the sufferings of my last days upon earth. I allude to this to unburthen his mind, that he may be able to look upon the future with brighter hopes and anticipations. Our trials upon earth, if we prove true to ourselves, serve to fit and prepare us for that infinitude of Love in God.

Seek Spiritual communion; seek it of pure and elevated minds and mediums; for through such nought else can flow but purity. And let me assure you, that there are many who profess to be mediums—let me not speak it—I don't think I will; but this I say—seek such mediums as are calculated to send forth a Spiritual atmosphere of desire for higher and better aims and ends than usually influence those who fancy they are wise and prudent. O let me write it upon your mind! O will you, in behalf of your Nannie, seek communion through the pure. It will open to your mind a wider field of usefulness—diviner sources of enjoyment. It will inspire your mind when called to stand before the varied creatures of God. We desire to be always with you in your chosen mission. We say, stand firm—firm as a man; I cannot say in the place you occupy. You are halting now between two. If you will choose that which will inspire and elevate your nature, a wide field of real usefulness opens before you. Why do you halt? Investigate for yourself; none other can investigate for you.

A word as it regards those dear ones I so tenderly loved. [Here the medium manifested deep feeling, and could not go on. After a few moments, she said:] I wish—but the medium cannot bear what I desire to impress—I will say, those dear ones placed in your care that now call you to act in the capacity of father and mother. You are too anxious about them. Much anxiety wearieth thy brain, and unfits thee for other duties. I know they are the idols of thy heart. You knew my sentiments upon their early training. Follow out those impressions that will be made upon your mind as it regards them. But at all events do not caress them so as to make them lose sight of the more important objects of life. Teach them submission. Let them have high ends to attain in this world, more than frivolous excitement; teach them to be useful.

Tell your father and *my* father (and language cannot express what I feel) I will communicate to him before he leaves. My heart cannot give utterance to anything further. I am brought back to the kindred ties that bound me to the earth, and it is is not well to bear them long. I need not say again, I love you; for thy kindred is my kindred; thy God my God. Hope that we may often meet around this family altar. I abide your ever dear and ardent sister, NANNIE.

REMARKS.

A letter from Rev. John D. Ferguson, of New Orleans, bearing the precise date of the above communication, reveals precisely a state of mind and inquiry on the part of the writer, and a condition of his congregation then struggling for a liberality of action, that allowed Messrs. Ambler and Harris (Spiritual-mediums) to occupy his pulpit, such as the communication from Mrs John D. Ferguson clearly indicates. It is worthy of note that this Spirit-friend was the first to address me through the medium here used; that in that address, as published in our printed records of July 1854, she states that, at a fixed time, we shall hear from her again; that we had not received a direct address during the interval of nine months; that when we did hear, it was chiefly in reference to a condition of her husband's investigations of Spiritualism and his relations to the public, then without our knowledge becoming of a very interesting and important character; that at a distance of one thousand miles on the very day when he was writing to us in relation to the deceptive character of some mediumship he had sought, and the state of his inquiries and duties, she gave us the above and directed that it be immediately forwarded; that it was with extreme difficulty, she gained the attention and time of the medium; and that subsequent events, which no man at our distance from their theater of occurrence could have anticipated, have confirmed its every allusion. The conclusion is irresistible, not only that we did hear from the wife of our absent brother, but that she had for months watched the opening of his mind, ministered to its highest tendencies, and that by agencies almost innumerable, and quite beyond the grasp of any intellect in the environments of flesh; and we add, all with reference to the spread of this glorious light of Spiritual truth and progress.

(To be Continued.)

TELEGRAPHING BY SPIRITS.

The fact that our Spirit-friends do attend us in our journeyings through life—that they are cognizant not only of our actions, but of our intentions, and that they can, and often do, convey the most reliable and speedy intelligence of absent friends to us, and from us to them, has had abundant confirmation. Still the following relation may be interesting to some of the readers of the TELEGRAPH.

I had occasion recently to make a flying trip to the State of Georgia. Just before leaving, the Spirit of my father said, through Mrs. French, that he would accompany me on this journey, and that he would occasionally return and report my whereabouts, health, etc., to my friends here. I left Pittsburg on Saturday, May 12, P. M. On Sunday night I attended Bro. Ambler's lecture at Baltimore. This fact, as well as what took place at and immediately after the lecture (so far as I was an actor), was minutely and correctly conveyed to Mrs. F. the same evening.

May 16, 8 A. M. "T. C. (my initials) is well, and is now writing you from a way station in South Carolina."

May 17, between 10 and 11, A. M. "T. C. is at station 13, Georgia, Central Railroad—is well, but somewhat troubled as to his farther progress, as he must leave the railroad at this point, and take a private conveyance. He is now on the look-out for a conveyance. I go, but will return and report progress."

Same day, 3 P. M. "He did succeed in making an arrangement with a man to take him down to Montgomery county, and has just gone. He wrote you before he left; but you will not get the letter before he returns, if at all, as there is no certainty in the mails from this point. You must not be disappointed i you do not hear from him by mail, as he is now out of the reach of mails, and will be for several days."

May 24. "I have been here several times, but you were so much engaged I could not communicate. T. C. is well, but a good deal fatigued from his long ride. He had to go to the capital of the State; this was unexpected, and has detained him somewhat; but you need not feel anxious about him, for he is now on his way home. He has written you three times since he left Baltimore. Two of the letters you will get. One—the second—you may get, but it is not certain."

May 24. "T. C. will reach Baltimore to-morrow (Saturday) morning. I think he will go to Philadelphia, but will be home Sunday."

I did go to Philadelphia, and did reach home on Sunday. At Philadelphia I met a friend, who handed me a letter he had received from Mrs. F. a few days previously, in which she had copied from her journal portions of my father's reports as here given. These reports are strictly correct in time, place, and circumstance. The letter spoken of has not yet reached Mrs. F.—all the others have. From a fear of making this article too long, I have omitted much that was interesting to us.

Fraternally thine, T. CULBERTSON.

THE INHUMANITY OF LAW.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have, this evening, listened to the great Theodore Parker upon one of his great themes—the Present and the Future of America; and although the hour is late, I cannot retire to rest without expressing a thought which he has left burning in my brain—not a new one, but one which has been thrust anew upon my mind. Speaking of the relative degrees of Freedom enjoyed by different nations, Mr. P. dwelt touchingly upon the inconsistency of Americans, pointing to the Pauperisms of other nations, "while every eighth man in America is so much a pauper, that he does not own himself, and every eighth woman does not own her own baby." Mr. Parker is a New-England man, and I am a New-England woman, and I would ask him from the depths of a lacerated Mother-Spirit, is there a *wife* in all the *free* North, who "owns her own baby?" If America may not point the finger of scorn towards England because of her own great sins, so neither may a northern *man* point contemptuously towards the south, while this greater sin remains—greater in the north by virtue of the greater freedom and intelligence which is boasted here.

No northern mother may claim the ownership of her child, unless she is a widow or her child an illegitimate. Does not the law offer premiums for crime to woman and thus hold out inducement to influence her in justice to herself and her children, to make them all illegitimate? Shall not this base, unhallowed legitimacy be changed to *right*.

Oh! man, when will you repent, wash your hands of this great sin, and take your lordly heel off from our smarting breasts? Tell me not that although the law allows a mother to be robbed of her children, the *robbers* are so few as to deserve little attention. There are hundreds of mothers to-day dragging out lives of most acute misery with husbands who have ceased to be worthy of their love, and many more who have torn themselves from their own dear babes rather than endure the loathed embrace, and these all plead in vain of the law for the children of their own bodies — they do not own them. This is our boasted freedom! This may seem severe and impassioned language, but I am a *mother*; I have a *right* to feel, and what I feel I must speak. A she bear may fight for her young, and man admires her instinctive courage; shall not a woman then love her young and seek to possess them?

PHILADELPHIA, *May 23*, 1855. MARENDA B. RANDALL.

Lectures by the Editor.

S. B. Brittan will lecture at Riverhead, L. I., on Saturday evening, 9th instant, and on Sunday morning, 10th, at 10 o'clock, in the Academy at Southold; also, at 5 o'clock, P.M., in the Universalist Church, at Southold. The Editor will leave on Monday evening, 11th inst., for Toronto, C. W., *via* Niagara Falls, and may possibly remain in Buffalo over Sunday, 17th instant.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. C. H. Cragin will accept our thanks for his valuable contributions; they will appear as soon as we can complete the publication of the interesting manuscript records of Rev. J. B. Ferguson, which, for particular reasons, it is desirable to publish in consecutive numbers.

Rev. J. B. Ferguson: Dear Sir—No. 5 and the outside of No. 6 of the current volume of the TELEGRAPH were printed before your letter of the 29th of May came to hand, which will account for our non-compliance with the request it contains.

Dr. Knapp, Lockport.—We have received that article, and will give it our attention in a day or two.

In our absence "Calvin" has been neglected, but we will forthwith attend to his request.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTLAND, Me., *June 1st*, 1855.

DEAR READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH:

For the first time in my life I find myself in this enterprising city of the East. The place is certainly far more attractive, and the natural objects with which it is environed more interesting to the traveler than I had supposed. At a distance of one hundred and ten miles from Boston, by the line of the Eastern Rail road, Portland sits like a virgin queen on a beautiful peninsula, with her feet in the sparkling waters of Casco Bay. In a pleasant morning, especially at this season of the year, a scene is presented at the north and east of the city, which is only surpassed by the celebrated Bay of Naples and those Magic Isles,

> "Where burning Sappho wept and sung."

There is no one great natural object here that, like Vesuvius, strikes the visitor with surprise, nor are the scenes about Portland fraught with the sacred memories which attract the classic traveler; but the place possesses great natural advantages, while the surrounding scenery is beautiful as it is diversified.

Portland has one of the finest harbors in the world. The entrance to the Bay is less than three miles from the city; it is fortified by Fort Preble, which stands on a point known as Cape Elizabeth, while on the opposite side of the channel, on a small island, is Fort Scammel. The largest vessels enter the harbor without difficulty, and frequently without the aid of a pilot. Outside roll the waves of the broad Atlantic, while within and around the city the waters present an unruffled surface. In a clear summer morning the scene presented from the Observatory, which stands at the east of the city, on an eminence known as Munjoy, is truly inspiring. The head of Casco Bay is almost beneath the feet of the observer, and then, further than the eye can discern it stretches away in a north-easterly direction to the distance of some twenty miles. Three hundred and sixty Islands reposing in its peaceful bosom, rise up from the crystal depths as we approach them; they are beautiful indeed to the eye, while to the fancy they appear like so many fair nymphs in emerald robes whose graceful forms are mirrored in the sleeping waters. At the east the ocean bounds the scene; in a westerly direction, at the distance of about seventy-five miles, the White Mountains present a barrier to further observations. I have just been out on the hill at the west of the city to obtain a better view than is afforded from some other localities, but the atmosphere is hazy and their majestic outlines appear dim and shadowy. Mount Washington looks like a pale ghost, with face concealed by a vail and the huge form wrapped in a misty shroud, that the mortal vision can scarcely penetrate. Those who love to contemplate such objects as are obscure and undefined, may look at Mt. Washington and the adjacent summits from this point of observation, through a hazy atmosphere, and perceive distinctly that

> "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

I find that the representatives of Spiritualism in this city are persons of superior intelligence and distinguished for their social position and moral worth. Their influence is felt by all classes, and as a necessary consequence the subject itself is treated with respect even where it fails to command attention. I have not found among the friends of our cause in Portland, a single instance of blind faith or unreasoning devotion. On the contrary, they are men who are able to do their own thinking, and who feel that it is their high prerogative to reason for themselves. The spirit of fanaticism, if it ever visited this place, certainly left town before our arrival. A spirit of rational inquiry is now fast taking peaceable possession of the minds and hearts of the people; they have a living faith, a glorious hope, and a steadfast desire to illustrate the essential principles and true spirit of our divine philosophy, in the relations and duties of the life on earth.

Some time since the writer was invited to give a course of lectures on the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, before the Association for the Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena, recently organized in this city. This invitation induced my present visit which, I hope, may subserve the interests of the truth as essentially as it has contributed to my personal gratification. Several noble friends have freely offered me the hospitalities of their own pleasant homes, and I have been most agreeably entertained. The lectures have been attended by large and constantly increasing assemblies, embracing several of the most distinguished citizens, and all have evinced a profound interest in the subject. Some of the best minds in Portland are engaged in the investigation with a fearless independence. The progress of Spiritualism in this region, as elsewhere, awakens the apprehensions of its enemies, at the same time the friends of the cause are rendered strong and hopeful in view of the peaceful conquests it has thus far achieved, and the prospective triumphs which the prescient mind already discerns in the opening future.

The secular journals of this city are deserving of the highest commendation for the intelligence and liberality displayed in their treatment of Spiritualism. I have no where else witnessed so much candor, discrimination and good sense in the conduct of the newspaper press toward this subject. There are some unscrupulous editors and reporters who are accustomed to caricature whatever they do not believe or can not comprehend. New York is infested by several of this class, who find it extremely difficult to tell the truth when the subject of remark involves either their interests or their prejudices. Whenever they attempt to report a lecture or the proceedings of a public meeting of Spiritualists, they are quite sure to expose their ignorance and to betray the vulgar passions which govern their opinions. But the Portland papers are evidently conducted by gentlemen of very liberal views and acquirements, whose superior intelligence enables them to perceive that under our republican institutions no man is to be condemned or censured for his opinions. The people must be enlightened and just where the Press maintains this high position. As a member of the fraternity, I am pleased to know that the editors of the different papers in this city are doing much to redeem the profession from the odium which attaches to those members whose minds, morals and manners have been neglected or perverted.

The lectures have been favorably noticed from day to day in the *State of Maine*, *Argus*, and *Daily Advertiser*. A lengthy and admirable synopsis of each lecture has appeared in the first named journal, and the editors and proprietors have displayed a frank, fearless, and friendly spirit, which merits our special acknowledgments. I understand that Mr. Joseph A. Ware, son of Judge Ware, of this city, has prepared the reports, which certainly evince unusual discrimination and judgment. He is a young gentleman of fine natural powers and liberal culture, and though not a believer in Spiritualism he is evidently free from prejudice, and embodies in a condensed form the essential ideas and spirit of the lectures with remarkable freedom and fidelity.

S. B. BRITTAN.

Natick, Mass., Sunday, June 3d, 10 o'clock, P.M.

I completed my lectures in Portland on Friday evening, and left on Saturday morning. The audiences that assembled night after night at Deering Hall, continued to increase in number until the close of the course, and a profound interest was manifested throughout.

I arrived here last evening, and am stopping at the pleasant residence of Mr. E. Hanchett, at the east end of the village. I have given three lectures to-day, occupying in all four hours and thirty minutes in the delivery. It may strike the reader that this is a serious infliction; but the people bore it with remarkable composure, and seemed intensely interested all the while. The audiences were very large, considering the population of the village, and Spiritualism is firmly established here. It has been raining the greater part of the day, but the weather has not kept the people at home. New England was already suffering for want of rain, but it has come in time; the fields and forests smile at the storm, and so does the writer. S. B. B.

RESULTS.

We are frequently pressed with the inquiry, by the opposers of the doctrine of Spiritual intercourse, "What great and important truth, unattainable by the ordinary powers of the human intellect, has been reliably unfolded by the ultramundane intelligences with whom you suppose yourselves to be in communication?" If it has been difficult to answer this question in a manner that would not be subject to cavil from the interrogators, it is because the latter generally have prejudged, *a priori*, that any aids from invisible intelligences to the natural intellect of man in this world are utterly and necessarily impossible, and not for a moment to be thought of; and hence, to however wonderful examples of philosophical intelligence, didactic casuistry, or poetic genius we may refer them, as emanations from the spiritual world, they will persist in referring the whole to the mere natural intellectations of some extraordinary mind still connected with the body. But waiving, therefore, for the present, all questions respecting the reliability or unreliability, wisdom or folly, of the alleged spiritual communications *per se*, we will ask a moment's attention to this whole spiritual unfolding, as viewed in a merely *phenomenal* aspect, and see if it does not teach some truths worthy of a source in an angel world, and in the God who rules over all. In the brief consideration of an immensely extensive subject, which we now propose, we shall, of course, be obliged to take for granted the spiritual reality of the general phenomena on which our remarks are based; and this, indeed, we claim the right to do, so long as the main facts upon which this assumption is based shall remain unexplained on any other hypothesis.

We shall not now dwell upon the importance of the mere *fact* of Spiritual intercourse, and hence of Spiritual existence, which are established to the satisfaction of millions of previous doubters, by these modern unfoldings. The most ordinary intellect can not fail to apprehend the immense consequences as relating to the elevation and happiness of man, which must grow out of disclosures which place these facts beyond a doubt; and if no other truths than these had been exhibited by the spiritual manifestations, we might feel ourselves compensated ten thousand fold for all the time and labor and money that have been expended in this investigation. But leaving this branch of our subject for the present, to the good sense of the reader, we proceed to briefly point out a few other results of a stupendous character, which we think have been reliably attained by means of the phenomena under consideration.

The first of these is, that the spirit of a man is the veritable man himself—a real man with all the organs and faculties of a man—with head, hands, feet, and all the minutiæ of external contour; with loves, aversions, perceptions, reflection, imagination, memory, etc.,—differing, indeed, from man in this state only in the fact that it is spiritual, and possessing an organism intangible to our natural senses, whilst man in this state is natural, and possesses an organism composed of gross matter. This fact has been sufficiently demonstrated by the perceptions of visionists, who have in hundreds of instances seen and described the external features and the mental qualities of Spirits totally unknown to them while in the body, and with so much accuracy that their surviving acquaintances have instantly recognized them. This result (confirmed also by the *uniform* testimony of Spirits communicating with mortals) can not be regarded with indifference even by those previous believers in immortality who have been led, by prevailing theological teaching, to regard a Spirit as a formless aerial, intantigible, semi-nothingness, totally foreign to all our powers of rational conception, and in whose existence we might almost as well *not* believe as to believe, so far as hopeful prospects, and aspirations for future and eternal *realities* are concerned.

Another truth which has been impressed by the phenomenal indications of these new unfoldings, is that the Spirit-world is an actual cosmical state of being, diversified by similar external appearances—mountains, vallies, and plains, rivers, lakes, and seas, flowers, fruits, and trees—to those we have in this world, with this only difference, that the outer objects of our world are composed of gross materials, whilst those of the spiritual world are composed of *spiritual* substances, so refined as to be inappreciable to our senses, though perfectly cognizable to the senses of the Spirit-men and women who move among them. Spirit-seers—the same who have seen and described the forms and characters of Spirits so that they could be recognized by their friends on earth, have, in numerous instances, beheld and described this scenery, and have given us the elements of philosophical reasoning on the subject which lead to the same conclusion with almost mathematical certainty. Say, you who have been perplexed with dark and vain conjectures respecting the constitution of the immortal world, and especially you who, with the generality of modern sectarians, have regarded it as a dreamy, inconceivable realm of unsubstantiality, totally foreign to our now existing affections and thoughts—whether this result of the modern spiritual unfolding is not also of *some* value to those who can receive it.

A result which has perhaps been still more emphatically exhibited by the new phenomena, is that that portion of the Spirit-world which is entered by the Spirit immediately after its departure from the earthy body, is, as to all moral, intellectual, and social conditions, *but one step beyond this world*, and that states far higher or far lower are attainable only by a gradually progressive change. Spirits who have manifested themselves to mortals—especially those who have not been many years out of the body—have, in general, exhibited all the moral and intellectual peculiarities of their previous state of being; and these phenomenal indications prove that the future state is one of education, progression, and development, the same as *this* state of being, which has also been confirmed by the uniform declaration of the Spirits. Those who have been led to believe that a Spirit, after leaving the earthly body, immediately becomes either an angel or a devil, can not regard this conclusion as barren of interest or of important practical consequences to such as are sufficiently free from materialistic involvements to appreciate it.

The *tout ensemble* of results of the spiritual phenomena, so far as here brought under review, are therefore such as to strip the Spirit's constitution and the Spirit-world of their hitherto inscrutable mysteries, and to place them before the mind as well-defined rationalities and fixed objects of contemplation, and whose prospective realities may, by such contemplation, and without tinge of superstition or fanaticism, be inwoven into the composition of our affections and aspirations in this world. We might mention many other important conclusions which are deducible from the current spiritual phenomena; but as brevity is one of our objects, we dismiss the subject for the present, feeling that enough has been already said to expose the unmitigated absurdity of the question, "What new and important truth have these existing phenomena exhibited to the world, even admitting the spirituality of their source?" F.

THE SACRED CIRCLE.

The number for this month is more than usually interesting. The editors have commenced the volume with renewed courage, and the work for this year will be in every respect superior to that of the last.

The first article is by Dr. Dexter, and is a portion of a very able and interesting lecture delivered in Brooklyn. The eleventh chapter of the series of "Dialogues between a Spiritualist and a Skeptic" follows, treating of a subject interesting to all. No. 2 of the "Letters from the Indian Country," by Judge Edmonds, will be found very agreeable reading, as are all things emanating from his pen. This series of articles was written some years ago during the Judge's travels in the West. They were then prepared for the press, but have never appeared in print until now. Another article by the Judge will be read with deep interest by all who have the honor of Spiritualism at heart. It is upon the California alleged manifestations, published originally in the *Pioneer*. Mr. Ewer having in an article, published in the *Herald*, declared that his story was all a falsehood, it was supposed that the Spiritualists generally had been hoaxed. Judge Edmonds in this article shows that Mr. Ewer's fictitious hero, John F. Lane, was a real character, and that Mr. Ewer was but the medium through whom that spirit wrote the article. The tables are therefore fairly turned.

There is an excellent article from the pen of Professor Mapes on the progressive refinement of matter, which, though rather for the agriculturist than the Spiritualist, will be found of general interest.

There are three articles from Spirits, given through Mrs. Sweet, which, like all that are spoken through her, are clothed in very beautiful language. From a work on Modern Spiritualism, by Rev. William B. Hayden, of Portland, a liberal extract has been made, conveying a practical and popular idea of the Spiritual body. There are three poems and several extracts on matters of interest.

A SPEAKING MEDIUM FORTY YEARS AGO.

J. M. J., of Westchester county, sends us the following, extracted from a pamphlet published in New York, in the year 1815. We have before seen fragmentary allusions to the particular phenomenon which it describes, and doubtless some of the numerous persons are now living who witnessed this manifestation of ultramundane intelligence through Miss Baker. The main characteristics of that phenomenon will be recognized as identical with many which occur through the numerous mediums for Spirit-speaking in our own day; and the undesigned coincidence of that case and many which are now occurring, must, at least go far to convince the candid among our opposers, that there is a *common law* governing the two, and to place them thus beyond the suspicion of imposture, *whatever* theory may be adopted in their explanation. The records of the past, however, furnish us with many cases similar to that of Rachel Baker, as occurring in different ages and nations. But to the extract:

> A young lady whose name is Rachel Baker, is twenty years of age, and of a vigorous constitution. Her education is limited, and she is a member of a Baptist church. Once in twenty-four hours she is thrown into a paroxysm which lasts from forty-five minutes to an hour and a quarter. It attacks her about nine o'clock in the evening, and commences with spasmodic agitation, then after a few minutes of torpor she begins to speak in an audible tone. Her exercises consist of three parts: first, an introductory prayer, next a sermon, then a closing supplication to the Deity. She often recites verses, and manifests an extensive acquaintance with the Scriptures, citing texts and long passages. Her words flow in a rapid stream. Her discourses have a resemblance, but the difference is such as to show that they are extemporaneous, and not words impressed on the memory. Her pulse is full, without a flutter or intermission; the temperature of her forehead is that of healthful sleep; her features show no distortion, but her muscles have a tremulous spasm. If spoken to, she replies, but always on the subject of religion. The young lady soon attracted public attention, and for three years she continued to astonish her visitors by the power of her sermons. During the time, there was no attempt made to build any peculiar system of religion upon the prodigy, nor was it turned to any purpose of private emolument. Miss Baker complained of no bodily infirmity, and was unconscious of mental indisposition. The discourses were delivered in the solitude of a country house, as in a city of confusion, and nothing has transpired in her conduct, or that of her friends, that can lead to the suspicion of an imposture.
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> About 1832, a girl in Woodbridge, N. J., was followed by a noise resembling the raps heard by the Fox family. Many persons now in New York investigated the same, but it was not then attributed to Spiritual agencies.

Another Correction.

Under the head of "A CORRECTION," we published in our last issue, with some editorial remarks, a letter from Mr. James D. Allison, of Buffalo, informing us that a communication published in a previous Number, and purporting to be written by one Joseph W. Thomas, describing certain manifestations alleged to have occurred at the house of A. H. Frank, was a sheer fabrication. From the Buffalo *Age of Progress* of June 2, we learn that the same stupid and seemingly motiveless game has been played with us, probably by the same individual, by means of a letter received by Mr. Partridge, read before the New York Conference, and published in the report of its proceedings in our issue of May 26th, pretending to describe some manifestations also alleged to have taken place in the office of Mr. Frank. It appears that Mr. Frank denies that any such occurrences as those described took place at his office, and we promptly give this correction as due to our readers. The *Age of Progress* seems at a loss to know what could have prompted us to give publicity to this second account, seemingly in the face of his authorized contradiction of the first; but our brother is informed that the number of his paper containing the contradiction has not yet come under our notice. If it has been received during our temporary absence from the city, it has been mislaid. Measures have been taken to out this unscrupulous fabricator, and there is some prosp their proving successful.

Miss Emma Frances Jay.

By a late arrival we received letters from Mr. Hayden Miss Jay (the communication from Mr. H. will be found in ther column). Miss Jay was visiting at Ealing, some eight a half miles from London. She suffered from sea sickness ing the voyage, but at the date of her letter was rapidly im ing in health and strength.

Rev. T. L. Harris.

We have received a brief note from Bro. Harris, under da New Orleans, May 20th; he was not in vigorous health at time, and was contemplating a speedy return to the North. will probably be in this city about the 10th or 15th of this There are many friends here who will gladly welcome him again.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF MAY 30, 1855.

Dr. Hallock related several facts which he witnessed in the p of Mr. G. A. Redman, of 45 Carver-street, Boston, on Monday last. He stated, among other things, that the table was rocked fro violently, and with great apparent ease, without any phy tact whatever—neithe the medium nor any one else touching the at the time. This experiment was repeated several times. Aft nessing a variety of manifestations, he was induced to ask if the could write a sentence on a piece of paper with a lead pencil replied they would try. They requested us to abstract our mind the experiment while it was in process, and then directed a she paper and pencil to be placed on a large pasteboard card, and under the table by himself and Mr. Redman (the medium)—he hol one end of the card with his fingers pressing upon the sheet of pa hold it firm, and Mr. Redman from the opposite side of the table ing the other end in the same manner. As soon as the desired was secured, the process of writing was both heard and felt to be on. When ended, the card was wrested violently from their ha turned upside down, so that the paper and pencil dropped floor. On examining the paper, *an intelligent sentence addressed to self was found written upon it*. This sentence was not done b hand belonging to either of the three gentlemen present in the that is certain. The time was mid-day, and the party wide The fact needs no comment. It proclaims its own gospel. It to the great army of *facts*, against the onward march of which is powerless. It is a sort of spiritual Sebastopol, against w allied forces of Doctors and Divines discharge great guns then with much noise and smoke, resulting in the discomfiture of own shins only.

The conclusion of a report of Dr. Bell, of Boston, relating to ualism, was read, in which the Doctor admits many of the which a Spiritual origin is claimed, such as the movement of able bodies many feet from any visible motion, etc., and the of correct answers to questions mentally asked, when the answer known to the interrogator or other persons present, but never this necessary condition. When the interrogator supposed he kn right answer but didn't, the response was invariably in accordance the truth in his mind, not with the fact as it was. From his tion he concludes there is something very curious, but nothing spiritual going on in Boston and surrounding parts, which deserves tention. He thinks the "mare's nest" will be found at last snugly bedded in the "dual action of the brain," but he don't know. T tounding manifestation of *his learned conclusions* was the result of action" in *his* brain, without doubt; but as the manifestations ascribed by persons of more common sense, to spiritual agency, had the same unlucky effect upon his mental vision that daylight upon an owl, he feels that he can't trust his own wandering opti their strange propensity to look to the rear, and therefore prays of the faculty of the lunatic asylum and their patients to solve the tery. The opinion prevails to some extent in Boston, that this team, with his "dual action" by way of horse ahead, will speedily the Doctor out of the mud, and that he will get on very well by again, as soon as it becomes dark enough for him to see.

Some very interesting illustrations of natural law, as applicable the *modus operandi* of Spirit manifestations, were given by a gen present, whereby it was shown that in many natural phenomena was an ample substitute for quantity, and that by simply assuming Spirits are able to dispense with the element of time in their opera we have an explanation of their ability to move ponderable bod well-known natural principles. Leaving out the question of ti minutest atom which the human will can set in motion, would be fective as a ton weight acting in time and space.

The Rev. T. J. Smith spoke of his conversion to modern Spiritu He began his progressive career with Phrenology; then he a Magnetism in its varied phases as a truth. Through the latter immediately he was introduced to Spiritualism. A very ex clairvoyant with whom he was familiar, said to him one day, "Ma ize me, and let me explode that humbug," meaning Spiritualism did so, and received instead an unqualified affirmation of its This led him to investigate the subject for himself, which ended firm conviction of the truth of Spirit-intercourse. Among many in his experience, he gave the following: Two gentlemen living thirty miles from him, called on him one day, and stated to him man in their neighborhood had recently disappeared, and was sup to be drowned; that they called on him at the request of the of the lost man to obtain through the Spirits, if possible, some info tion concerning him. Let it be remembered that they gave no and no fact—only a supposition as to his death. Immediately quiry of the Spirits, they stated the object of the interview, and the name and age of the lost man, *Abijah Banks, aged thirty-one* They then said the body had been found, and told where and ho of which proved to be strictly true. Now here were facts wholly known to any of the parties present. No one present knew his ag that the body had been found. That was the very thing they thirty miles to inquire about, and its finding transpired subseque their departure in search of information.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOC

FACTS AND REMARKS.

SPIRIT-HEALING.—"In consequence of taking a sudden cold," says Newton, of the *N. E. Spiritualist*, "we awoke one morning with an headache, and the usual painful antecedents of fever. Nine o'clock us shivering in shawl-wrapped wretchedness over the stove, when the rang, and a stranger was ushered into our room. He was a gentle from a distant section of the country, who wished to make some ries on the subject of Spiritualism, and a general conversation on various topics. The writer soon began to experience a surp change of physical sensations—the perspiration started freely, the in the head and limbs began to abate, and such a renovation was felt that we could not help mentioning the fact. Our visitor said that, though himself in doubt about Spiritual agencies, he for some time strangely used, by a power which often he could trol, to manipulate and lay hands on the sick, sometimes with that were truly astonishing to himself and all others;—that he aware, ever since sitting in our presence, that healing influence been passing from him to ourself, and he had expected this result had also been powerfully impelled to approach and put his hands us, but had resisted the impulse for fear of being thought too offi We of course gladly assented to the beneficent wish of the contr power, and a series of most vigorous manipulations ensued, in p ing which our visitor was but the passive agent of an independent The result was, that in three or four hours, all symptoms of disease disappeared, and we went about our usual avocations. We have an illustration of the meaning of Jesus when he said, after the woman touched him in the crowd, 'I perceive that virtue has gone out of

APT SCRIPTURE REFERENCE BY A SPIRIT.—At Mr. Snyder's, G point, L. I., a gentleman recently received a communication fr Spirit, which was of such a nature as to render him anxious to from whom it came. He accordingly importuned the Spirit to give name, and on enforcing this demand, the Spirit, through the rap alphabet, referred him to Genesis xxxii: 29. Turning to that pa he read as follows: "And Jacob asked him, [an angel] Tell me, I thee, *thy name*. And he said, *Wherefore is it that thou dost ask name?*" The Snyder family, who are the mediums, declare that were entirely ignorant of the existence of any such passage in that p and their declaration is quite sufficient to those who know them have personally observed, while in their presence, the remark aptness and coherence of long series of scripture references given the spirits through the rappings—displaying an acquaintance with Bible which no one could suppose for a moment that the medi possessed.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 14 Connaught Square, Hyde Park,
London, *May* 11, 1855.

NUMBER ONE.

My Dear Brittan:

As you are doubtless already aware, we sailed from Boston on the 11th of April, in the good steamship Asia, Captain E. G. Lott, for Liverpool, *via* Halifax, N. S.

It was a rainy disagreeable day as we shook hands with our friends on the pier, and parted *the last link* that bound us to Boston; and the noble ship, once more freed from her fetters, sped on her course like a bird over the vast waste of waters for the distant haven. We were soon outside of the harbor, and the land fast fading from our view; and as it did so, we went below, with that feeling which it is so difficult to describe, but which is so eloquently felt by those who are leaving their homes and the dear ones they love, to wander in foreign climes far, far away from sympathizing hearts. Our passage was somewhat rough and uncomfortable to Halifax—we all paying a heartfelt and *deep* tribute to frowning Neptune. The remainder of our passage to Liverpool was delightful, where we arrived on Sunday, the 22d. We had a large list of passengers, numbering one hundred and seventy-one in all, among whom was the Hon. Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, on his way to London to rejoin his family, who have been sojourning here for some time past.

Sunday, *April* 15. "All hands" were piped aft to listen to the reading of the Episcopal service of the church of England, by Captain Lott, in the saloon, after which a *Scotch* clergyman, hailing from New York, who afterwards swaggeringly boasted to me that he was an "American citizen," bored the audience for nearly an hour with what he was pleased to denominate a discourse from the 14th chapter of Revelations, 6th and 7th verses: "And the angel cried with a *loud* voice;" and one thing the speaker made perfectly clear to his hearers, if nothing else, viz., that if the angel did not cry with a loud voice, *he* (the clergyman) certainly did. A more boisterous and incoherent affair it was never my lot to listen to before, and I pray heaven that it may never be again. I am informed that he has a congregation in New York of eight hundred poor people, and if he deals out to them such doses of "hell-fire and brimstone" (I use his own words) as he did on the occasion just referred to, they are much to be pitied.

As a sample of his *thrilling* and eloquent discourse, I subjoin the following beautiful and comprehensive extract for the edification of your readers. It is *verbatim*, and just about as clear as mud. Addressing the sailors, he said, "Before the sun sinks in the West this day, you may all be in the *bottom of the fathomless sea*." During his harangue, Horace was seated directly opposite to him, gently reclining against the side of the saloon—his head thrown back, his eyes closed and his mouth slightly open, and he enjoying a *most* profound and sonorous slumber. It was indeed a scene for the pencil of an artist. The window was slightly open and the gentle breeze stole softly in and dallied with his golden hair, waving it to and fro like the tall grain in the autumn wind; and then, too, as if envious of the breeze, a bright sunbeam crept in and kissed his face, leaving there its heavenly radiance upon it. There was a holy calm upon that countenance, which betokened "exceeding peace within." The old white coat, with a hole in each elbow, nestled closely around him as if in love for the child which it had sheltered for so many years from the blasts of winter and the heats of summer. In a short time all eyes were wandering from the ranter to the quiet sleeper, and the congregation were soon lost in admiration of the nasal music which, most unfortunately for them, was disturbed and broken by the officiousness of a lady friend who dispelled his day-dream by a nudge from her unfeeling elbow.

Monday Evening, *April* 16. By request of Mr. Greeley and a number of ladies and gentlemen who were interested in Spiritualism, (the permission of Captain Lott having been first obtained,) Miss Emma Frances Jay consented to be influenced by the Spirits, and gave a lecture on the progressive philosophy which occupied an hour in its delivery. At eight o'clock Mr. Greeley called the meeting to order, and very briefly stated that "Miss Jay, a Spiritual medium, would speak in the trance-state," and that they would please to give their attention to the same. After he had taken his seat, the writer of this offered a few remarks explanatory of Miss Jay's position, and that she took no responsibility for any remarks or views which might be advanced through her organism while in the trance-state. It was a new era in the history of the world, to have a Spiritual lecture delivered on the Atlantic ocean, and my soul thrilled with joy as the words of inspiration flowed out to the hungry multitude. On Miss Jay's rising to speak, one or two *small geese*, as though frightened at the innovation, began to hiss; but finding that they had made a mistake in their calculations, they desisted. As a whole, the lecture had a good influence, although it was a most trying situation for Miss Jay, who went through the fiery ordeal with credit to herself and the great cause in which she is enlisted. The next morning our friend of the white neckcloth asked Mr. Greeley how he liked the lecture of the previous evening, to which he quickly and aptly replied "*a good deal better than yours, sir.*"

Spiritualism, I am sorry to say, is at a low ebb at the present time, for the want of good and reliable public mediums. True, there are some few mediums in private families, but they dare not let the fact be known outside of their own doors, for fear of the bitter persecution with which they are sure to be assailed from those who profess to be *Christians*. A new Spiritual paper has just been started in Yorkshire, called the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, a copy of which I send you. Also a little work, entitled "Mesmerism and Media," by an English gentleman with whom you are somewhat acquainted, has just been issued from the press, and is an able and well-written document, which, if I mistake not, will make the *shoe* (Dr. Elliotson) and *heel* (Sir David Brewster) professors wince some. I enclose you a copy.

Monday *May* 14. Robert Owen is to hold his great Spiritual Convention, at St. Martin's Hall, in the Strand, and if nothing happens to prevent, I shall be there to take "notes" for the Telegraph.

It has been proposed by some of the friends here, that your humble servant should resume the publication of the "Spirit World," but at present any such undertaking looks extremely dubious.

In the course of the next two weeks, I hope to be better able to post you up in the Spiritual matters of this kingdom. Mrs. Hayden and Miss Jay desire to be kindly remembered to all the friends of the cause in the land of Freedom.

Very truly yours, W. R. Hayden.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Proposed Organization in Portland, Me.—Mr. H. G. Cole, of Portland, Me., writes us an account of a meeting of Spiritualists in that city, on Sunday, May 20th, at which a proposition was made and entertained to resolve themselves into an organization to be entitled "The Universal Brotherhood." The declaration of principles proposed involved an acknowledgment of the truth of the Bible and Christianity, the unity of religion and morality, the harmony of nature and Spiritual manifestations, the right of private judgment, and sanctity of individual responsibility, the duty of living a pure life, of bringing up their children in sound moral and religious principles, and of striving to do good to all men as they have opportunity. As our correspondent asks our views respecting the propriety of this new associative movement, we will say that if the form it proposes to take is sufficiently expressive of the *well-defined* internal aspirations of its movers, it cannot be otherwise than useful to them *so long* as their aspirations continue the same. We would respectfully suggest, however, that any form which they may adopt for *present convenience* should be plastic as the potter's clay, in order that it may be widened, and lengthened, and heightened to any extent which may be required, to adapt it to future interior development. When a form of doctrine or organization begins to cramp or repress in the least degree, the true aspirations and developing tendencies of the human soul, it at the same time becomes a sectarism and an evil, and needs to be either modified or laid aside entirely.

Spirit-Phenomena in South Royalton, Vt.—Mr. T. S. Merrill and Mrs. A. H. Merrill, of South Royalton, Vt., write us that Spiritualism has obtained a good foothold in that place, and with them is now a fixed fact. They have an interesting medium in the person of their own daughter, fifteen years old, through whom volumes have been written. They receive "weekly papers printed in imitation of type, and edited by angels;" and they have "sheets written by invisible hands in red and black ink," though they have "no red ink in the house, and never had any." They have seen the Spirit-hand which wrote these, seen Spirit-lights, and had many other demonstrations of Spiritual presence.

The Progress in Knox Co., Ill.—Mr. Nelson Selby, of Maquon, Knox county, Ill., writes us that the cause of Spiritualism is steadily prospering in that vicinity, to an extent which forces even its opposers to acknowledge that it is permanently established, and will, in all probability, grow and prosper throughout the indefinite future. In Farmington, twelve miles from that place, the cause has made such advances, that almost an entire congregation, the Wesleyan Methodists, have gone over to Spiritualism, and have thrown open their meeting-house, to be occupied freely for all reformatory purposes.

Original Communications.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

When evening veils your outer sphere,
And shadows fill the air,
The gem-like stars in heaven appear,
Bright, silent watchers there.

The stars, how mild, how pure their light,
That shines on you from far!
Thus holy, pure and mildly bright
Your guardian angels are.

When fair Aurora, blushing deep,
Her golden gates unbars,
To rouse a dreaming world from sleep,
Then *fade* the twinkling stars.

But, though you may not through the day,
Their silvery light perceive,
In heaven they ever hold their way,
And brightly shine at eve.

And guardian Spirits, always true,
Their ceaseless vigils keep,
Forever watching over you,
Both waking and asleep.

When earthly friends around you smile,
And cheer you with their love,
You may forget us for a while,
Nor seek for joys above.

Secure in wealth and worldly power,
Men brook not our control,
But there may come a saddened hour,
An evening in the soul!

Then, when lights earthly cease to shine,
And friends are torn away,
They gladly hail this light divine,
That shines with healing ray.

'Tis then our gentle voice is heard—
When hearts with anguish fill,
We speak again the Saviour's word,
"Peace," troubled soul, "be still!"

Then why not heed the kindly voice,
Now speaking to your heart,
Make wisdom's way your early choice,
And from it ne'er depart.

What is your mortal life?—a flower
That withers, ah, how soon!
A dew-drop sparkling one brief hour,
But vanishing ere noon.

But let earth's fairest flowers of love,
Wither and pass away—
The eye of faith sees them above,
Blooming in endless day! F. E. F.

Spoken impromptu in Circle, }
New York, February, 1855. }

THE ENCHANTED SPRING.

The author of the following communication has left his name and address at our office, which is at the disposal of any one who may wish to consult with him respecting the extraordinary matters to which he refers; but for the present he wishes us to withhold his name from the public.

"For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." St. John, chap. 5, ver. 4.

To S. B. Brittan, Esq., Editor of the Telegraph:

Those who ask of us implicit credence in the above occurrence, transpiring and recorded eighteen hundred years ago, will generally deride the simple statements which follow; but to many whose philosophy leads them to deduce general laws from like results, whenever or wherever exhibited, it may appear as a beautiful illustration of the harmony and uniformity of nature, whether demonstrated in the past or the present. About eleven months since, severe and protracted illness had borne me to the verge of the grave; and in obedience to the dictation of my Spirit-advisers, I left my home in the west, with hardly sufficient strength to reach the cars. I was informed that on arriving in this city (New York) I would receive further directions. We reached here (myself and lady) about the 6th of July. On the following Sunday, while seated in our room at the Metropolitan Hotel, we were directed by the Spirits to start the next day for Hillsboro, New Hampshire. Never having heard of such a place in that State, we endeavored to get an atlas or map, in which we were unsuccessful, as it was Sunday, and there happened to be none about the hotel. At the risk of being ridiculed, we wrote to some of our friends that we should start for Hillsboro, N. H., the next day—if there was such a place, which we had not then ascertained. It was further told us that I would there derive permanent benefit from the water which would be used.

We determined to be guided by our invisible advisers; but previous to starting, I thought it best to seek another medium, and see whether these communications would be confirmed. Not having the acquaintance of the Spiritualists of this city, I went to Dr. Hallock, whose name I had seen in your paper, who took me to a clairvoyant medical examiner and medium, named, I think, Mrs. Briggs. There, in his presence, and without prompting by me, she said that she was instructed by the Spirits to say that the directions I had received were correct, and that the water to be used was from a magnetic spring in that vicinity, and which could be found by observing the following directions. "Take the road leading east from Hillsboro, and after riding nearly five miles, you will come to a cross-road, this side of which is a patch of woods, a high hill, stream, etc. In this wood, on the side of the hill, you will observe a spring. On closer examination, you will perceive that there appear to be two sources—one above and one below; that above leaving in its trickling a reddish sediment, and that below being apparently free from any such admixture. They both unite, and this water used in washing the body and drinking, will produce the results predicted." Dr. Hallock seemed inclined to doubt the propriety of following such advice, not being confident that I would find these things as stated.

Without troubling you with details, it is sufficient to say that *in every respect the statements of the Spirits were confirmed by the facts and results*. Further, the spring was one not used by the residents of that region, excepting to water horses passing that road; and *no one had ever noticed the red precipitate*, nor had the water ever been deemed medicinal. After leaving Hillsboro, I subjected the water to the inspection of clairvoyants and mediums in different parts of the country, and have their uniform testimony in regard to its virtues. These experiments are often made with the greatest care, sometimes by placing a drop of the water in the hand of a medium while in the superior state, without giving any intimation of its unusual qualities. The consequences were, with some, an immediate paralysis of the hand and arm. Others would proclaim its virtues in healing diseases, and state those which it would most readily affect. Some would describe the spring and the vicinity with wonderful accuracy, and several had visions presented to them of Spirits magnetizing the water, and long trains of blind and diseased washing in it, and going away rejoicing in health.

It ought to be stated that the medium (Mrs. Briggs) described the hills as containing a deposit of iron, zinc and copper, in such condition as rendered the water magnetic and easily adapted by Spirits to their uses in healing diseases. One clairvoyant medium, developed in the speciality of disease, and not surpassed in the estimation of the writer, in diagnosis by any in the country, and who had visited the other celebrated Spirit-springs, and examined them in a superior condition, stated—in portraying the difference between these waters—that the electricity in the others radiated from the center to circumference; but in this water it moved in circles, retaining to an almost indefinite time its virtue. In corroboration of this, a small vial of water is in my possession, taken ten months since from the spring, which has been recently submitted to those who have attested to its power, and the writer would gladly submit it to the test of mediums, properly developed, without fear as to results.

I have also seen its great benefit to persons suffering from diseases of the eyes, neuralgia, nervous diseases, affections of liver, etc.

I have called attention to this spring with a view to aid in relieving the suffering of the sick, and in order that no one might be tempted to make money from its use. I have purchased it, with a half acre of ground around it, and shall convey it to trustees for the free use of all who need it, or who are willing to try its efficacy.

The location is a delightful one for invalids, among the granite hills, with the beautiful Contoocook dashing along at their base. And the quiet home of the hospitable landlord, O. P. Greenleaf, with his genial heart and *low prices*, good fare and constant attention, cannot fail to cause the tear of regret to fall, when the necessities of business shall recall the dweller in cities to his hot and dusty streets.

Yours respectfully, H.

MESMERISM AND MEDIA.

Through the politeness of our friend Dr. Hayden, who, as will be seen by our correspondence in another column, is now in London, we have been furnished with a pamphlet recently published in that metropolis, bearing the above general title, purporting also to give "full instructions how to develop the alleged Spiritual rappings in every family." The writer, whoever he may be (for the work is anonymous), wields a vigorous pen, and presents a clear and forcible argument in favor of the Spiritual verity of phenomena which are now claiming the serious attention of thousands of intelligent minds, on that as well as this side of the water. The following extracts from this publication will be of interest to our readers, not only as showing how the question of Spiritualism is coming to be regarded by truly philosophic observers and thinkers in England, but on account of the intrinsic nature of their subject matter, the facts stated being curious and unaccountable on any other hypothesis than that which the author propounds in their explanation. After giving the London *Athenæum*, *Quarterly Review*, and *Lancet*, some merited raps for their ignorant and superficial theorizings in explanation of the alleged Spiritual wonders, the author writes the things to be explained as follows:—[Ed.

A table moves backwards and forwards for half an hour continuously in perfect accordance with my unexpressed wish; the only two persons present keeping their hands elevated in the air, and their feet in sight, and, moreover, removed too far from the table to touch it. This I have seen again and again, at home and abroad, and *this* I call *evidence*, far better evidence as to the fact than the *Athenæum's* vague and speculative opinions.

I visit a medium: the raps in answer to my mental questions are made on my hat, or on a book which I may have in my hand, at a distance of six feet from the medium, even sometimes before she has entered the room. *This* I call *evidence*, and the explanation of the *Zoist* that she "kicked it," the vague and speculative opinion of the writer whose credulity for the impossible is certainly of the easiest and most laughable kind.

A dispassionate man surely must see that such positive and practical evidence is necessarily of more value than all negative statements, springing as they invariably do from complete ignorance, and self-evidently betraying in the writer who expects them to carry any weight, that degree of weakness which lays *him* open to just criticism.

But if these phenomena are facts, how is it, it may be asked, that persons who have accepted the challenge, "come and see," have gone away impressed with the fraudulent nature of the whole transaction?

It might be a sufficient answer to this question, to say that the vast majority of those who were sincerely desirous to arrive at the truth, arranged their experiments in such a way that a successful result could not be explained by any system of fraud; whilst a select few, in the short hour or two of their experience, so conducted their examination as to leave room for the element of deceit to enter in.

The secret, however, lies deeper. The nature of these phenomena is the cause of the great hostility to them. Those best acquainted with mesmerism, have seen how insufficient it is to afford any solid explanation; and to what absurd consequences cerebral action, applied in its totality, must necessarily lead. These aside, there does not seem to be left any probable theory but a Spiritual agency, either in or out of the flesh, possessing intelligence, and capable of coming in contact with matter, without the ordinary mechanical aids of the body.

But this must not be. "What would become of materialism, if we admit these intelligent raps adapting themselves to any possible contingency which may occur in the course of a long and intricate conversation?"

Nor do all who claim for themselves the right of speaking (alas! not too wisely) prefer any substantial title to that right. When we see an individual, after an acquaintance of at the most an hour or two with these confessedly puzzling phenomena, presuming to pass opinions directly at variance with the *knowledge* of those who have in truth investigated, and withal, defamatory of the character of others, we may well have our doubts of both head and heart.

All who love the truth must loudly protest against importing ignorant prejudice, and a total want of judgment as to the value of evidence, into a question which has excited such deep and wide-spread interest. It surely cannot aid even the miserable purpose of obstructives, to prove, if they can, this or that one to be a cheat. The broad fact remains, that thousands daily proclaim this, as an explanation, to be false, by exhibiting in their own families the self-same powers which these laggards so impudently and ignorantly deny.

The writer then cites a few interesting facts of Spirit-rappings, prophetic dreams, etc., from the records of former days, in order to prove that the Spiritualism now agitating the world is not a new-fangled and crazy fantasy, born of the go-ahead fanaticism and mental extravagance of the times. He then proceeds as follows:

The objective nature of some of the phenomena of the present day is beyond dispute. As for instance: various sounds closely imitating the noises made in our daily avocations; intelligent motion of inanimate objects; and; as testified to by many witnesses, lights of different degrees of brilliancy. In rarer instances, sensitives of peculiar susceptibility aver to the fact of seeing the cause of these phenomena, perhaps in a human form. Where shall we draw the line of belief? How shall we admit the testimony of this witness as to the motion, the sounds, and the light, and refuse to credit the objective nature of the apparition? Is it because many at the same time do not see the form? Yet we know there are things truly objective, which but few can see at any time, and even then only under the most favorable circumstances. We who are not gifted by nature with this susceptibility, can know nothing of these to us invisible shapes, but by the testimony of more sensitive organisms it is, with common consent, declared to be so, and we must be content, and reason upon the subject in the only manner in which it can be brought under our cognizance. Men are bound by every consideration of reason to follow out facts to their ultimate. And notwithstanding the aversion of this century to fall back into the superstitions of the past, facts may, and indeed ought to compel a belief in all that may now appear most absurd and impossible. In matters of this kind, absurdity and impossibility are but other terms for our want of knowledge.

I would illustrate what I have been saying by a brief history of a clairvoyant, which, as coming under my own personal observation, I know to be accurately true in all its particulars. This history is valuable as going to show the close connection *all* these phenomena have with the organisms of certain persons.

The dead body of a child had been placed on the trap-door of a cellar, as being the coolest place in the house. Soon after, a young girl of tender years screams out in affright that a luminous figure having the appearance of this dead child floats before her eyes. This disappears, and she is pacified. The vision never returns. Shortly, however, the family is disturbed by constant scratchings and knockings on the trap-door, always appearing to be on the opposite side to the listener. These noises stop, and nothing more is thought of the matter. Several years pass on, and the circumstances are forgotten, when a messenger arrives in great haste from a distant place, to ask after the health of this same young lady, who had formerly seen the luminous appearance. He found her recovering from an illness, and out that day for the first time, in the garden. The cause of his sudden coming, was, that a lady a few moments before he started, had apparently seen this young person open the door, walk up to where she was standing, gaze in her face, slowly turn round, go out, and close the door after her. Instant search was made in the house and grounds without success. In a short time, the lady who had sent the messenger, a near relation of this little girl, followed and confirmed the story.

In after years, when grown up to be a matron, she is accidently mesmerised by one altogether ignorant of mesmerism, and becomes most surprisingly clairvoyant. She is asked to explain the means by which she obtains perception of distant acts, and without any hesitation, states it to be through "the living Spirit, which wanders, and which under certain conditions, can make itself sensible to touch, to hearing, and to sight."

She also becomes a medium for the involuntary writing, the intelligent motion of tables, and the communications through the rappings.

As I have said before, at the present day, only the most entire ignorance, and the weakest temerity, can deny the real *objective nature* of some of the phenomena; such, for example, as the motion of objects without being touched, and the peculiar and most curious sounds made by these invisible rappings. We are quite justified in concluding as not at all impossible, and even much more than probable, that if *some* of these phenomena are undoubtedly *objective*, the rest may likewise be so.

It is a false argument to urge that because but one or two, or twenty people, perceive a vision, it must necessarily be owing to some subjective impression. The studies of Reichenbach, and the declarations of our own mesmeric patients, have proved to us beyond all doubt, that luminous shapes do exist, in every sense of the word objective, and visible only to few of us under very peculiar conditions.

The whole theory of cerebral action is based upon the assumption that the brain can do visible physical acts at *a distance*. Let us turn back to the story I have just related, and we will see that this force, emanating from the young child both opened and shut a door. We have no reason, knowing as we do that this *might* have been objective, to suppose it was subjective. But why should this much be objective, and nothing more? Why not also the vision itself, as well as its acts? We must apply the tests of probability. It is principally, however, to collate the two powers of appearing at a distance, and the subsequent clairvoyance, that I have related this history. Here we see a vision appearing to another at a distance, and doing intelligent physical acts; in connection with the same organism, clairvoyance of a most extraordinary kind is developed, and, from its own mysterious knowledge, gives the ready and sufficient explanation, that a living and intelligent principle, generally invisible and impalpable, is capable, under certain circumstances of mental and bodily health, of wandering forth to distances, and under extraordinary conditions, to be seen, to be touched, to be heard, as well as to see, to touch, to hear; and on its *return*, faithfully to report words and acts transpiring at a distance.

Certainly this covers infinitely more ground than the inadequate and incomprehensible theory of cerebral action. If we examine all the authenticated stories which we may meet with in this light, a possible explanation will be afforded to us, while, on the contrary, referred to the action of the brain, we must eventually arrive at the astounding belief that this force can, at any distance from its fountain-head, simulate the action of intelligence, or even adapt its mode of action to the localities, or to the thoughts and wishes of those in these distant places.

Desirous not to extend this paper to undue lengths, I have briefly sketched a possible conclusion, based upon an extended experience of the phenomena of clairvoyance and its kindred powers. This explanation, if not a scientific one, has the merit of being natural and obvious. It has frequently been urged before, and has over and over again received a corroboration from some of the most perfect clairvoyants. Viewed side by side with cerebral action, it certainly claims vast advantages over it. For, while the last is notoriously insufficient to cover the whole ground, the supposition of an intelligent principle temporarily separated from the body will meet *all* the necessities of the case.

Partaking, as this principle does, of powers which seem closely related to omniscience and omnipresence, can we refer its action to mere organized matter in the usual acceptation of the term? Neither reason nor analogy will warrant us in so doing.

Our will confessedly sets our body in motion, but how, we have not the remotest idea. True, it is an organized body, and organized expressly with a view that our will shall act upon it. But opposed to this is the fact, that an exterior and foreign will can put in motion the limb of another person, so disorganized that his own will cannot act upon it. This leads to a fair and just inquiry: if I can, by the action of my will, move your paralyzed arm, a substance foreign to me, and inert and lifeless as far as your own will is concerned, is there no room to expect a further extension of this power to objects which have never been animated? If my will is sufficient for this, who can logically say (if we assume the fact of a future life), that the intelligent and invisible Spiritual powers exercised in the flesh, may not, when the tie which binds them to the body is loosed by death, still be the birthright of the emancipated and ever-living man?

The writer gives directions for the formation of circles for the development of media and the spiritual phenomena, in families and parties where no medium previously existed; and as these directions accord with the results which experience has unfolded in this country, and present a condensed and systematic answer to questions which are often asked us, we submit them as follows:

INSTRUCTIONS TO FORM A CIRCLE.

Twelve is the best number, six males and six females, but a less number will do.

Sit quietly round a table, with your hands on it, for half an hour or longer, three times or oftener a week, according to convenience. Having once selected the persons to form a circle, the punctual attendance of all on the day and hour is *highly* desirable.

Remain as passive as you possibly can, *i. e.*, do not ardently wish for any phenomena, or indulge in argument or dispute.

Darkness not only renders the circle more passive, but it also develops highly favorable conditions (magnetic).

You may occasionally join hands, as it tends generally to tranquilize the circle.

Ascertain, as soon as any phenomena exhibit themselves, through whom they are made, and let your wishes and willings be towards a further development through that person.

Introduce the use of the alphabet as soon as possible, with a view to the intelligent communications, as being the chief object of your investigation.

After intelligence has manifested itself through the rappings, strive to retain it, by giving up as much as possible mere physical movements.

When the intelligence is well established, *trust to it for the future disposition of your circle.*

Mesmerism often assists in establishing the right conditions in the Medium.

Be serious and honest.

PERSEVERANCE.

SPIRITUAL AFFAIRS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Messrs. Partridge & Brittan:—Have you any drawbacks in New York? It was my opinion that we had serious ones here; but in Bro. H.'s *judgment*, I have wrongly judged in this connection. What I gave was a *true picture* of scenes witnessed at Jefferson Hall. These are not denied. Whether they are calculated to act as drawbacks or not, is for others to say. Ours was an opinion only, and we were not alone. *Medium training* is all well enough in its place; but to expose such to the inexperienced eye and ear, exciting mirth and ridicule upon the sacred cause of Spirit-communion, in my humble opinion is wrong. It may be that the stone, rough as it seemed, was necessary in its place (the temple); but to place it in the very front of the imposing structure *unfinished*, *rough*, and *uneven*, would be both inexpedient and unsafe. Or to exhibit the *stone in the rough*, unexplained, as the *temple* itself, would (in our opinion merely) be improper.

But after all, it may be but a matter of taste only, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. These rough blasts—unhewn stones—strange contradictions, and false prophecies, are sad features in the progress of a great and glorious cause. To the champion of Truth they are as quicksands, snags, and unruly elements, threatening him with overthrow, and covering him with ridicule and odium wherever he goes. They are the most forcible, if not the only effectual weapons in the hands of opponents, and require a greater waste of time and words in their explanation, than in establishing the fact of the spirituality of the phenomena. To every true friend of Spiritualism we would say, be careful how you expose to the skeptical mind all that purports to be Spiritual. Too much caution cannot be exercised by those having the press at their disposal. There is enough of the true, the good, and the beautiful that deserves to be written in letters of gold, for all to read and be made wise by, without blazoning forth the crude, mixed, or spurious. Admit the skeptical sport-maker, the blind bigot, or the pompous scientific to your uncorrupted circle, and inharmony is the consequence; your ends are all thwarted, and, instead of bright communications of love and wisdom, you have just such mirth-exciting exhibitions as described at Jefferson Hall. The fault was not in the circles nor mediums, who, as Bro. H. says, do much better under more favorable circumstances—but from a too great exercise of liberality on the part of the good brothers who have charge of the matter.

But enough of this. Time is precious—we have none to spare in measuring lances with friends and brethren. The enemies of truth are industrious, and Heaven requires all our time, all our talents, to roll back the dark tide of consuming error, and proclaim the glad news of Truth's bright advent. Each and all have a mission to fulfill. Let us see to it that all is done, and well done.

Another good omen of progress here, is the fact that, after a long and death-like silence on the part of the clergy, one has shown boldness enough to ask the public ear to an exposition of the question, "Is Spiritualism true?" The Rev. John Chambers preached a sermon a few Sundays back upon this subject. Mr. C. is a most excellent man in some things, but, in the office of theologian, is sadly deficient. He is an eloquent preacher in common things, but is the very opposite of profundity. Like the fish-hawk, he skims over the surface, but rarely wets his wings by plunging deeply into anything. Wordy, but not deep; all thunder, and little rain. The boisterous elements cease, the clouds pass swiftly by, and lo! all is as fair and sunny as ever. He strikes terrible blows, but seldom does much mischief.

Truly have his enemies denominated him the war-horse in the great temperance reform. He has ever stood forth nobly, doing good work for this blessed reform. When wanted, he has ever been found ready. His time, his talent, and his purse, have been alike ever at the disposal of the cause of temperance. This I know, and am proud to testify to.

His error is one of the head. He is strictly *impulsive*. Tell him a windmill is an enemy in disguise, coming to destroy the Bible, and without premeditation he pitches right into it, slashing right and left, and wondering that all the world and the rest of mankind do not do likewise. A good heart has John, but an unbalanced head. He is our Luther. He fears nothing—not even Spiritualism. "Yes," though every tile on the the housetops were a devil, he would go to Worms, and beard what he supposed to be error in his very den.

In his sermon he said he knew nothing of the thing, and so it proved. He only knew it was not in the book, and thus warned his brethren against it. He quoted from Isaiah, to show that revelation had, from that time, been eternally sealed; not perceiving that if so, the whole of the New Testament history comes alike under the ban, it being seen, or written some two thousand years subsequent to Isaiah's declaration. In his Wednesday evening lecture upon the *Witch of Endor*, he said the Witch had nothing to do in bringing up Samuel, but God performed a special miracle in the case. The cause of the woman's fright, he said, was the sight, for the *first time*, of a spirit, and he added that, supposing a Spirit to make its appearance in Sansom-street Hall, there would be a similar sight amongst professed ghost-seers, and such a scampering as has not been witnessed since the burning of the Richmond theatre. No name was too bad for the lady of Endor. I say lady, for if I know anything of what constituted a true lady, according to republican phrase, she was one. She was generous in the extreme—she killed her fatted calf, and made unleavened bread, which Saul was urged to partake of. Her conduct was prudent, her deportment correct throughout; and why Mr. C. and others should call her hard names, I cannot see. It is well her posterity are all gone over Jordan, or feelings might be outraged by thus unmanly speaking of the worthy dead. The Bible does not call her witch, but "a woman who hath a familiar Spirit." He said it was not the spirit of Samuel which appeared, but his literal body. I wonder why *Saul* did not see him—why he had to depend upon the woman for a description of the Prophet. Saul knew the woman to be famed for doing such things, else why, in his trouble, did he seek her?

The attendants at Sansom-street Hall enjoyed quite a treat, subsequently, in listening to an able and most witty refutation of the sermon in question, by our unpretending but able friend, DeWolf. In answer to the declaration, "that the Bible in no place gives even an intimation that the dead return—that they ever died, or ever can," our lecturer produced sixty different passages, showing clearly that they ever have been in the habit of returning, that they have talked with man face to face, eat with him, wrestled with him, fought with him; that they have moved huge stones, broken open prison doors, spoken from the clouds, and in fact done a little of everything, if we are to believe the Scriptures. In our humble opinion, friend C. was completely demolished by the lecturer. I never heard a more complete refutation. Mr. DeWolf is somewhat a peculiar speaker—cool in the extreme, and witty beyond measure, yet mild, strong, and in his philosophy practical.

The book of Dr. Hare, I understand, is nearly ready for the press. When it comes forth, depend upon it, Spiritualists will have a text-book, or rather a *test*-book, which they may safely place in the hands of inquirers, no matter what their caliber.

Yours for progress, A.

ARE THEY SPIRITS OF MEN?

To the Editor of the Spiritual Telegraph:

Dear Sir:—I believe that Spirits do converse with men; and therefore, I suppose, I may be called a Spiritualist. But, are these Spirits disembodied spirits? That is, are they the spirits of deceased men? This is the question toward which I wish to draw your attention; for it is one that has greatly perplexed me, and is a stumbling-block in the way of many others—good, earnest people, who lean to the opinion that they are not such. There is much to favor this opinion, and any *proof* to the contrary seems to me to be difficult to reach. Spirits of great intelligence and celerity of movement, who see almost all things, and are present with the agility of thought in all places, might easily assume the character and voice of our departed friends, and refer to many events of their past lives with an unfailing accuracy which would deceive the most acute and penetrating minds. Do they do so? Let me relate an occurrence which took place under my own observation.

A young lady of my acquaintance became a writing, talking, and personating medium. When she began to write, a Spirit presented itself, professing to be the Spirit of a young gentleman of her acquaintance, of whose death she had received no intelligence, and who lived in a remote part of the United States. He wrote his name, gave the particulars of his death, which occurred on a railroad; mentioned the names of several others known to the medium, who had been injured by the same accident, and seemed to be familiar with the opinions, connections and circumstances of all his friends. The Spirit continued with her for nearly two months, making some very singular and striking manifestations, and communicating facts which were entirely beyond her knowledge. It was indeed a veritable Spirit. But a little before the expiration of the two months, she learned that the young gentleman whose Spirit this purported to be, was alive and well—had met with no accident—was not in the way of any—nor had the persons alluded to been injured. When this news arrived, the Spirit departed, and has not made its appearance since. At least, not under that name. I think, likewise, that other Spirits who communicated through her were equally false. Their ability to describe absent persons, and to anticipate events close at hand is undoubted. But they are most incorrigible and inexcusable liars. They seem to lie for the mere love of it; and in this respect are worse than any living persons I know.

Now, sir, you cannot help perceiving how much countenance this gives to the theory of the Rev. Charles Beecher and others of the orthodox churches. I think it is a question that demands the most thorough investigation, for it threatens the stability of the whole structure of our belief, while it strikes a deadly blow at our faith in the immortality of the human soul. It is Sadduceeism. Will you please therefore treat it in your columns for the benefit of the skeptical; and invite the co-operation of some of your very able correspondents? David Hume.

New York, *May*, 1855.

At another time we may consider the subject proposed in Mr. Hume's letter. At present, we will only suggest that a subject "that demands the most thorough investigation," should not be sent to the devil by such a summary process.—Ed.

Special Notice.

Two or three gentlemen can find pleasant rooms and board with a Spiritualist family in Brooklyn, by applying at 127 Pierrepont-street, in that city.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Beside the toilsome way,
Lowly and sad, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day,
Longing in vain for rest,

An angel softly walks,
With pale sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance, true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face,
So pure—so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Murmuring softly, "Wait!"

"Patience!" she sweetly saith—
"The Father's mercies never come too late;
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,
And firm endurance—wait!"

Angel!—behold—I wait—
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours—
Wait till thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,
And change the thorns to flowers!"

—*Portland Transcript.*

THE PRESENT SULTAN OF TURKEY.

We copy from the introductory chapter of the "History of Turkey," by Lamartine, the following account of the personal appearance of the present Sultan, an interview with whom Lamartine describes. The Sultan had appointed a meeting with the Poet, "at a small pavillion or retreat wherein he loved to mediate, remote from the noise and pomp of his palace at Stamboul." Lamartine was then on his travels, and he copies this description, made at the time, from his note book. The interview took place several years after Abdul Medjid succeeded his father, who died in 1840:

On entering the kiosk, I looked around for the Sultan. He was standing almost invisible in the shade between the door and window, at the corner the least lighted in the room. The Sultan Abdul Medjid is a young man from twenty-six to twenty-seven years old, of an appearance rather more mature than his age. His figure is tall, elegant and slim. He bears his head with that gracefulness at once supple and noble, which the length of neck gives to the bust of Alexander in his early youth. The features are regular, the forehead high, the eyes blue, the eyebrows arched as in the Caucasian races, the nose straight, the lips well cut and parted; the chin, that foundation of character in the human countenance, is firm and well set; the aggregate leaves an impression rather attractive than imposing; you feel a man who wishes to be loved rather than to be feared; he has the timidity of modesty in his general air, melancholy on his lips, and a precocious lassitude in the attitude; you perceive that this young man has thought and suffered before his time. But the feature that predominates is grave and meditative sensibility. You say to yourself: This man carries something weighty and holy in his thoughts, like the interests of a people, and he feels the weight and sanctity of the burden. Nothing of youth, nothing of levity in the expression. It is the statue of a young pontiff, rather than a young sovereign. The countenance inspires a certain tenderness of heart. You are haunted with the thoughts, despite of yourself, that here is a man sacrificed to supreme power, who is young, handsome, all powerful, who will be doubtless great, but who will be never free, never without care, never happy. You pity, you love him, for amid his greatness he feels vividly his responsibility. Every man in his empire may be happy except himself. The throne has taken him in his cradle.

His apparel was simple, uniform, almost a mourning suit. A tunic of dark drab reaching down to the knees, the neck bare, loose linen pantaloons over dark colored half boots, a sabre without ornament on the hilt. His countenance alone could have discovered him to the crowd. I felt moved, attracted, affected by that melancholy of His Majesty.

While I was speaking to him he returned several times the pommel of his sword, upon which he was leaning, in his hand. He blushed and looked down, as if he had the bashfulness of his virtue. We attended him to the examination that he went to make in person, of the military youth in an adjoining institution.

How to be Healthy.—There is but one way to preserve the health, and that is to live moderately, take proper exercise, and be in the fresh air as much as possible. The man who is always shut up in a close room, whether the apartment be a minister's study, a lawyer's office, a professor's laboratory, or a merchant's gaslight store, is defying nature, and must, sooner or later, pay the penalty. If his avocation renders such confinement necessary during a portion of the year, he can avoid a premature break down of the constitution only by taking exercise during the long vacations of the summer and winter months. The waste of stamina must be restored by full draughts of mountain and sea air, by the pursuit of the sportsman, by travel, or other similar means. Every man who has felt the recuperative effects of a month or two of relaxation, knows from experience how genial its influence of spirits, how it almost recreates him, so to speak. Between the lad brought up to physical exercise in the invigorating open air, and one kept continually at school or the factory, there is an abyss of difference, which becomes more perceptible every year, as manhood approches—the one expanding into stalwart, full-chested health, while the other is never more than a half-completed man.

The advantages of exercise are as great to females also. All that we have said about preserving health in the man, is as true to the opposite sex. But this is not the whole. The foundation of beauty in woman is exercise and fresh air. No cosmetics are equal to these. The famous Diana of Poictiers, who maintained her loveliness until she was nearly sixty, owed this extraordinary result, in her own opinion, to her daily bath, early rising, and her exercise in the saddle. English ladies of rank are celebrated, the world over, for their splendid persons and brilliant complexions, and they are proverbial for their attention in walking, riding, and the hours spent daily out of doors. The sallow cheeks, stooping figures, susceptibility to cold, and almost constant ill health, which prevail among American wives and daughters generally, are to be attributed almost entirely to their sedentary life, and to the infirmity caused by the same life on the part of their parents. A woman can no more become beautiful, in the true sense of that term, or even remain so, without healthful exertion in the open air, than a plant can thrive without light. If we put the latter into a cellar, it either dies outright, or refuses to bloom. Shall we wilt our sisters, wives, or daughters, by similar deprivation of what is necessary to their harmonious development?

An Eccentric Divine.—Some years ago, Lorenzo Dow—whose eccentricities are a matter of history—in the course of preaching in a Southern city, attacked, with severity, the character of a person who had just before died, alleging that his death was caused by his vices. The relations of the deceased man were indignant, and, commencing a suit against the eccentric Lorenzo, he was convicted and mulcted in considerable damages.—The following Sunday after the trial, he (Lorenzo) commenced his sermon as follows: "There was, we learn from the Testament, a certain rich man who lived, *I think*, at Jerusalem, and his name was Dives. He was clad in robes of purple and fine linen, and he fared sumptuously every day. That is he lived high, or what might be called *dissipated*. Now there was also, *I think*, in Jerusalem, a certain beggar named Lazarus, who asked to be fed only with the crumbs that fell from Dives' table. He lay down at the gate of the palace, but the rich man would not feed him, on the contrary he set the dogs on him. So the poor beggar died, and then his sorrows ended; for he was carried right up into Abraham's bosom. But, my brethren, you will ask what became of Dives? Well, dear souls, well, after a while he died—drunk; I will not, however, say so positively, for I don't know but he has *some relations among those who now hear me*, and I may *be prosecuted for defamation of character!*"

Spanish Proverbs.—"What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning."

Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap materials as of costly ones.

A Poet Publicly Crowned.—A quite uncommon ceremony, in this age, at least, was performed at Madrid in March last. The Spanish poet Quintana was publicly crowned with laurel, as a solemn acknowledgment of his genius and patriotism. The following are the particulars: "The ceremony took place in the palace of the Senate, and the the Queen and the King presided over it. The ministers and the foreign ambassadors, and many personages of distinction were present. The poet having been introduced, M. Calvio Ascensio, a deputy, delivered a speech, in which he gave an account of his labors. M. Hartzenbush, one of the first dramatic authors of Spain, then presented a crown of laurel leaves in gold to the Duke de la Victoria. The Duke handed the crown to the Queen, and her Majesty, amid loud applause, placed it on the head of M. Quintana. M. Quintana was afterwards accompanied to his residence by the President of the Cortes, the constitutional alcalde of Madrid, the Director of the Spanish Academy, and a splendid procession. The crown was conveyed before him in a sort of triumphal car." Nothing of the kind has happened in Europe since the crowning of Petrarch at Rome.—*Boston Chronicle.*

An Anecdote of Calvin.—The late Albert Gallatin, President of the Historical Society, related the following anecdote to the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, from whom we get it. Several years ago, a number of Calvin's letters were found among the archives of Geneva, some of which, relating to his domestic affairs, exhibit a curious picture of the daily life of this great Presbyter, and illustrate strikingly his peculiar habits and temper. In a scolding letter to the syndics, or magistrates, of Geneva, he complains that they have filled his cellar with wine of poor quality. "I do not keep open house," he says, "nor do I entertain many guests at my table, and therefore the quantity you have sent me displeases me, as well as the quality. I wish, therefore, you would take it away, and replace it with something that I can drink; I do not want much, merely enough for my own use, and that of my family; a few barriques, (barrels of about forty gallons each,) say four or five, will be sufficient for me, *once a quarter!*"

We are afraid the Presbyterians of this century have been tremendous backsliders. When shall we see such men as Luther and Calvin?

Swedenborgian Funeral.—Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie, of Richmond, Va., has recently lost an adopted daughter. The funeral services of the young lady, Miss Grey, were conducted in the Episcopal Church, but the outward observances were arranged after the Swedenborgian method. The coffin was borne into the church by six gentlemen with white crape tied around their arms, with ribbon. It was entirely covered with white merino; at the head and foot were wreaths of evergreen and white flowers, and in the centre a bouquet of the same, and a kind of drapery was looped up round the lid with evergreen and white blossoms. The hearse was drawn by white horses, and draped with white, instead of the usual array of black. Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie, as chief mourner, was clad entirely in white, and thus paid the last tribute of love to this otherwise friendless orphan girl, whose short life she had rendered comfortable and happy, and whose last moments were full of beautiful tranquility.

Dress.—The honorable Miss Murray, sister of a Scotch Duke, and maid of honor to Queen Victoria, has been staying for some days in New York. Miss Murray is a lady of fine person, robust health, and uncommon energy of character—aged about thirty-five years. Her frank and cordial manners, her intelligence and great kindness of heart, secured her many friends. She appears, however, to have been struck with amazement at the extravagant expenditure, the *helplessness*, and the ill health of that unfortunate class of beings, the fashionable women of our cities. Miss Murray, like the fashionable women of Europe, dresses so plainly that it probably costs her less to dress a whole year, than many a New York lady expends for half a dozen handkerchiefs. It is a settled thing in Europe, that extravagance in dress is the very extreme of vulgarity, and is never indulged in except by those whose only claim to distinction is their length of purse.

Valuable Manuscript.—The famous "Address to the People," which was written by Charlotte Corday, and which was found upon her person at the time of her arrest, after killing Marat, was sold in Paris recently for about one hundred and fifty-four dollars.

Echo.—The shadow of a sound—a voice without a mouth, and words without a tongue. Echo, though represented as a female, never speaks till she is spoken to, and at every repetition of what she has heard, continue to make it *less* instead of *more*, an example recommended to the special attention of tattlers and scandal mongers.

Jonah wrote to his father after the whale swallowed him, stating that he thought he had found a good opening for a young man going into the oil business—but afterwards wrote for money to bring him home, stating that he had been "sucked in."

TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.

The Spiritual Telegraph is published weekly at $2 per annum, or $1 for six months, payable in advance. It is our custom to notify our patrons of the time when their subscriptions terminate, and if they are not renewed, the paper is discontinued. We beg our friends not to deem it abrupt or unkind in us if the paper is discontinued, since our mailing clerk keeps the books in accordance with the general system we have adopted, and can exercise no discretion. The proprietors never know, except by chance, when a subscription expires or a paper is discontinued.

To our City Subscribers.—We purpose in future to deliver this paper to city subscribers through the regular mail, which can be done for one cent per copy, if the subscriber *prepays* the postage at this Office. The price of the paper and delivery will be $2 52, and the subscriber must take the risk of the faithful performance of duty, so far as relates to the Post Office Department.

To Advertisers.—The wide circulation of the Telegraph now renders it a desirable advertising medium, and the proprietors will continue to occupy a limited portion of their space at the following rates. Twelve and a half cents per line will be the price for a single insertion; each succeeding insertion, Eight cents per line. To those who advertise for three months, no extra charge will be made for the first insertion. Every advertisement must be *prepaid* to secure its appearance for the time it is expected to remain, and it will be discontinued when that time expires.

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